

# The Times.

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WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE TIMES.

## GARCIA FENELON;

OR,

## THE TRULL GOOD.

BY MAT SOCIAL.

### CHAPTER I.

Come with me gentle reader, into a darkened parlour, in the sunny South. Look around—every thing betokens the wealth of the owner of the splendid dwelling, of which this room forms but one, in a suit of many. But your attention is invited to the centre of the room—there lies on a table, the form of one beautiful, even in death. By the side of the table, her head resting on it, and one hand lying on those of the dead, stands a child six years of age, weeping violently.

"My Mama—my beautiful Mama—why did you die? Oh! I shall be lonely now. Dear Mama, come to life again, or ask the Good Father to take me too."

"Poor child!" and an old servant entered the door—"Poor child! well may you cry, you lost her that loved you dearly—but God'll take care of you darling—your old black Mammy sorry for you—and herself—chile."

Winding her arms around the little one, she strained her to her breast, and strove to soothe the grief which seemed to swell the tiny heart almost to bursting.

Strange that a child should feel such intense sorrow! yet not strange. Garcia was unlike other children. Mary Fenelon, her angel Mother, had devoted much of her time in instructing the young soul of God had confided her care. She comprehended the finely strong feelings of that little one's nature; for they were akin to those of her own bosom, and with a mother's fond pride she watched the developing of what promised to be a glorious intellect. But relentless Death tore the parent from the child, ere yet the task was accomplished, which the Mother designed to perform.

Long wept the old nurse and Garcia together—at length, the door opened, and a fine looking man, whose face bore evidence of mental suffering entered. The servant withdrew, and he advanced to the table, and gazed long, and mournfully upon the sweet, pale face of her, whom a few short years before, he had clasped to his breast a blushing bride—then he went in a corner of the room, and sat down. Garcia almost forgot her own sorrow in that of her father—he crept to his side, and clasped him around the neck—murmuring, "Father, let me love you now—I'll be your own child Father; and you'll love me more because Mama's gone from us—won't you?"

Long communed they there together in that parlor; from which sounds of merriment had proceeded—but now—save for their sobs, and low words, it would have been so still—so awfully still.

Six months have elapsed, and behold another scene—in the wealthy Alabama's home. Horace Fenelon is pacing up and down on the veranda; while Garcia is lying on the floor playing with a large dog.

"Garcia!" the child looked up as her father seated himself in an arm chair, and held out his hand to her. Then charging Carlo to lie still, she arose and went to Mr. Fenelon. "Garcia, what say you to my bringing a Mother here for you darling?"

"How can you Papa! Mama is buried—her spirit's gone to God—you can't bring her back—I wish you could," said she mournfully—a shade of sorrow passed over the parent's features. "I don't mean Papa," said the child, "that I've got no one to love me—you do Papa—and so does Mammy—and Carlo—and all. I'm not complaining; but when I wake in the morning, I don't see Mama's face right over me; or hear her say 'get up little girl'—and when I walk out among the flowers, she's not there to tell me their names, or of the Great God who made them for me; and I go to her grave, and kneel down by it, an' cry; and you don't know, Papa, how my grief gets smaller while I stay there; for it seems that I can almost feel that she's with me—and when the wind moves the leaves, it seems like it's her wings that did it, for you know she's an angel now."

Horace looked down into those large, dark eyes, as the face, all bedewed with tears, was upturned to his.

Was it possible, that she whom he deemed but a little more than an infant, was yet cherishing sadly the memory of the one whom he had so far forgotten, as to seek another, to come and be mistress of his heart and home? At last he said—"No Garcia that Mama can't come back to live with us again, but I know a good lady who is willing to come, and take care of my pet, and love her, to supply the place of the Mother she has lost."

"I know now Papa—Sam said you would get a wife; but I thought you would not, because there is no one like her that used to be your wife. Papa have you forgot my precious Mama?"

"No, darling, no! but—"

"But, what, Papa? I don't see why you can love any body in her place. There's Mammy out on the lawn, let me go to her now—" and for the first time in her life, Garcia Fenelon felt that she was not capable of making her father happy, without other society. A second grief had fallen on that young spirit. "Children don't know what sorrow is," is a remark often made; yet, how untrue—they feel—deeply feel sometimes. Often their unhappiness is transient; bless God! that it is so; for were it otherwise, how gloomy would be the creatures that inhabit our globe, with the weight of their early griefs, pressing like an incubus upon their spirits.

Some weeks sped on—in the mean time Horace had conferred with Hagar, Garcia's "Mammy" and had made her the instrument, in reconciling his daughter to the change that was ere long to take place. Sorrowfully she set about her task; for she loved the child of her dead Mistress too well, to willingly see another sustain the relationship of Mother to her; and far less than any, did she desire that the naughty Nina Mason should be the chosen one.

### CHAPTER II.

— marriage, rightly understood  
Gives to Paradise and the good  
A tender below.

She never slavishly submits,  
She'll have her will or have her life.

— Cotton.  
Gry.

Mirth and splendor reigned when Horace Fenelon wedded his beautiful bride. After a brilliant party at her maiden home, he took her to one equally elegant, at his own residence, over which she was to preside in future, as his wife. Though the guests participated in the revelry; yet inwardly, they felt less respect than formerly toward their entertainer, for they remembered the saint-like woman who had clung so confidently to him, a few short months before; and when her spirit had been called to dwell where it would breathe its native air; how she looked upon him with those dying eyes filled full of love unutterable; and they thought that soon, too soon, had he put her memory away from him.

A day or two after the guests departed, Mr. Fenelon was standing by a window, with his arm thrown around the waist of his young wife, and gazing proudly at her. Beautiful indeed was Nina Fenelon, with her rich masses of auburn hair—(that beautiful shade that so nearly approaches red) and her sparkling black eyes, beaming out from a face, fair, yet with a delicate shade of carnine lighting her cheek, and her full red lips parted in a smile, displaying teeth like "rows of pearls." Voices were heard under the window—they listened—Garcia was speaking.

"Sam, is she not pretty? Papa told me to call her Nina and I tried to, but could not, for when I looked up, her eyes did not look blue and loving like my own Mama's; but I thought she was so pretty, that I'd try to love her. He calls her 'Nina'—ain't it a sweet name?"

"I don't think she nor her name nether is pretty—when I went far to speak to her, she just nodded her head, and didn't smile like my Missus used to. I don't love her, I don't."

Sam's speech had not been heard by Horace, for he was called off in another direction. A scowl of bitter hate passed over Nina's countenance, almost transmuting it to a demon's look. "So this is one of the spirits with which I am to deal!" murmured she in a low tone; "take care you little sabbie imp, you will find the last wife is not of the milk and water composition that the first was."

Mrs. Fenelon sat in her chamber one morning buried in thought—a gleam passed over her countenance—"I have it now," said she, and touching the bell rope, she awaited the entrance of the servant. In the mean time, Horace came in the room.

"Nina, where is Garcia?"

"I have just rung to ascertain, sir; she does not seem inclined to stay with me, but prefers the society of the negroes."

"Garcia has had no other company you know, Nina, when I have been attending to my duties, since her Mother died; she is young and requires careful training, deal gently with her, and strive to win her love. She is a strange child—possessing of a perfect mind of affection; yet she does not intrude upon any one, and waits

for her love to be sought, before she lavishes it too freely upon those with whom she comes in contact." Just then Hagar made her appearance—

"Hagar, have you seen Garcia?"

"She's with some of de children ma'am—Sam, I bieve, playin' down on de lawn."

"Send her here!" Hagar left, and Nina turned to her husband. "Horace it will never do for that child to be with Sam so much—he is an impudent negro; and will not teach her to behave as she should, and she will acquire the negro manner of speaking, and will not be fit to go in company."

"Sam has generally behaved very well Nina. Mary kept him to watch over Garcia, yet more as a playmate than nurse, as he is but four years older, and Hagar is generally with them."

"Then you deem me incapable of judging what is proper, Mr. Fenelon—as you please, sir, I'll not interfere with Mary's arrangements," said Nina in a scornful tone.

"I hope you are not angry, my wife, I did not mean to offend. Suggest what you think best, and I'll abide by your decision." This was said in a sorrowful tone, for he was pained to hear the Mother of his little girl spoken of in the way he heard it; for he had begun to realize that widely indeed the two Mothers differed, not only with reference to the child, but in every particular.

"Let Sam go to work—he can be of some account then; as it is, he just annoys me, and renders no service. Garcia can stay where I am—it were a pity if I cannot be as much of a companion to her as a negro. I insist that he is put out with the other slaves."

The command was obeyed. Poor little Garcia went about the house, seeking for amusement in the best way she could; but each day she grew more and more estranged from the harsh woman, who ruled with such despotic sway.

One thing pained her sorely—she was banished from her Father's chamber where she had slept from her birth; her Mammy alleging that it disturbed her, when Mr. Fenelon arose during the night to see if she was well wrapped up, and as a great (?) act of favour, Hagar was allowed to sleep in the room now allotted to her, to attend to her wants. Faithfully did that loving domestic perform her duty toward the child committed to her care by the mistress, she truly loved, in her dying moments; and more dear than ever had the little one grown, since she had been so unkindly treated; yet, as Garcia clung to her she sorrowed for the companionship of her Father, and mourned in spirit over the blight that had fallen upon her young life.

The morning sunlight shone brightly through the window of Garcia's chamber—it seemed to nestle lovingly amid her dark curls, and kiss the cheek of the innocent sleeper, as she lay there with traces of tears upon that sweet face.

"Garcia! Mammy's darlin', wake up! de little birds singin', and my birdie sleep."

A feeble infant's wail was heard, as Garcia opened those mournful eyes—she half rose.

"What is that mammy?"

"God sent you a little brother while you slept."

"Sent me a Brother?"

"Yes—quick! let me dress you, and carry you to see Miss Nina's baby."

"Mamma, let me see the baby, may I?"

said Garcia timidly, as she approached the bedside. Mrs. Fenelon moved the cover down a little, and as Garcia looked at the tiny stranger—a new feeling crept in her bosom, and seemed to warm it—My brother!" said she joyously—as she laid her little hand on his face, with a touch gentle as a zephyr's breath, lest she should hurt it. "Is he not my brother Mamma? I love him!"

As the babe grew older, Garcia's love for it increased: she would sit all day by its little cradle, talking to him, singing little ditties that her Mother had sung to her—and patting its little face, while he laughed at her with his baby laugh. Nina almost softened in her manner toward her, as she saw how fondly her boy was cherished.

Months flew by, the babe had been named Theodore—and could now walk about the floor. Nina's heart swelled with rage, as she saw his tiny arms outstretched toward his gentle sister, then to her. Was she not his own Mother? How dare Garcia steal the love to which she was entitled? Inwardly she resolved it should not be thus.

A young lady opened school in the neighborhood, and she determined that Garcia should attend; knowing that Theodore would naturally turn his affections toward her in his sister's absence. Garcia pleaded against being separated from the only being whose society afforded her perfect happiness; but her father knew that she was now old enough to be acquiring knowledge from books, and acquiesced in a cheerful spirit with his wife's proposition. The teacher proved to be a gentle girl, and won

the esteem of her pupils very soon. Garcia learned to cling to her in confidence, because she listened sympathizingly to her tale of sorrow for the loss of her mother; and comforted her with the hope beautifully set forth of a reunion in heaven. Estelle Clare saw that the child's face bore traces of inward suffering; and as unpopularity had been her lot, she was well prepared to appreciate the uncomplaining misery pent up within that sad young breast; and her heart yearned tenderly for her.

Garcia had a comprehending intellect, and daily improved in her studies—oh! how she longed to unfold to her father the rich treasures in the storehouse of her mind—to show him how she had striven by her diligence, to bring back to her the love, which she gradually saw grow less. But she was of a shrinking nature—and though she had died in the effort, to control her emotions; yet, she could not throw herself on her breast as in happy moments past, and reveal the thoughts glowing within her brain, the feelings rushing torrent like through her bosom. Her Brother too did not now seek his happiness in playing with her, but found pleasure chiefly in his parents' caresses. He became cross too from being petted as much—in short, that most disagreeable of things, a spoiled child.

In the few leisure moments that Garcia had at home, she studied Theodore's character, and saw there were the elements of good within him, and bitterly lamented that by injudicious training, they should be stunted in their growth. Hagar never suffered an opportunity to slip in which she could impress religious ideas upon her young charge's mind. Nina observed this, and felt silently reproached—yet malice rankled in her breast, and she determined here too to exercise her despotic sway. Horace was called away to distant town on business; during his absence, Hagar was removed from her post of duty, and a hut assigned her at the "quarter," half a mile from the house.

Garcia wept bitterly at the loss of "Mammy"—but dared not complain. On the day her Father was to return, she looked long and anxiously down the road for the appearance of the family carriage—at length it came; she saw her Father alight, and with a longing in her breast which she could not suppress, for some one to feel for her, she rushed to him—it was a thing unusual of late, but Horace bowed, and folded his injured child fondly in his arms—it was too much for her overwrought feelings, she burst into tears—just then Nina and Theodore came to welcome him—he embraced them fondly, and went into the warm parlor, (for the air was chill)—but felt ill at ease. That night the wind arose and blew fearfully; the snow came—and such a snow! Garcia sat by the fire, and the tears stole silently down her cheek—her father noticed this and said,

"Why do you cry, Garcia?"

No answer came—for she well knew that it would be hazardous to reveal the cause of her tears.

"This is a poor welcome, miss, to your father," said Nina sternly—"you are an uncomprehending being."

"My child," said Horace kindly—"come tell me the reason of your grief."

"Don't mind me, Papa, I'll stop now;" but the tears came faster with her effort to cease, and she was about to retire to her own little room, when Nina savagely bade her stay, and say what was the matter.

"I was thinking of Mammy."

"Is she sick?"

"No, sir, not that I am aware of, more than her old disease—asthma."

"Leave the room instantly, you are trying to produce disturbance," exclaimed the now enraged Nina.

Snow and blow! heavens what a storm! it seemed as if the furies had combined, to give zest to the gale that was holding its mad revels without. Horace slept untroubled on his pillow that night; he felt as if something was wrong. Nina refused an explanation of the scene which occurred in the parlor, and he was at a loss to conjecture what it all meant.

The morning sun arose—the storm was lulled—Nature looked bright, clad in her robe of purity—virgin spotless snow. While at breakfast, a rap was heard at the door, and a servant came to request Mr. Fenelon's presence. Nina shortly saw him mount a horse and ride away—some hours elapsed, and he returned with a flushed cheek, and angry brow—rushing into the dining room, he exclaimed—"Woman! will your cruelty never cease?"

"May I ask how you are offended that you speak in that ungentle way, sir?"

"Offended! through your instrumentality a faithful servant is murdered—yes, murdered! How could you place the aged Hagar in a hut, where the wind and snow could spend its merciless fury upon her! She lies in it dead—frozen to death—this is your work—I could curse you in wrath!"—a shriek here full of unutterable agony interrupted him. Garcia fell at his feet in a fainting fit. He

used restoratives and brought her to consciousness again—while his wife covered a guilty thing, not daring to profane with her unhallowed touch, the pure being to whom she had brought this weight of woe.

"Father, is Mammy dead?" said the reviving one—

"Alas! my child, it is all too true."

"Oh, God! my cup of agony is all too full! my true friend, who will care for me as thou hast done. Give me strength my Heavenly Father, to bear this stroke!"

It is unnecessary to enter into minute detail of the events that crowded thick and fast upon Garcia's young life; withering every day of joy that promised fair, and embittering every drop in the cup of her existence. She entered boarding school, and finding that in the pursuit of knowledge she found more happiness than she deemed she could ever have enjoyed, she lingered with her father's consent even after her preceptors pronounced her "accomplished." She was sitting one afternoon, poring over an ancient volume of history, when a letter was placed in her hand. The writing was Nina's, and tremblingly she broke the seal—she grew pale as she read—"Come home"—it said—"your father is very ill—if you have a daughter's natural affection, you will not remain from him, in perhaps his dying sickness."

TO BE CONTINUED.

## A BALLAD.

BY ANNA M. BATES.

The gloaming is sleeping on turret and tree  
The wings of the night winds are fanning these  
And over the cliffs and the black mountain-scar  
The moon rises up on her journey afar:  
And peacefully there in her orbit she rolls  
Till the time for fond lovers to mingle their souls.

Then come forth fair lady with hand white as snow  
And lovely form veiled in its vesture of silk  
While the gloaming yet lies upon turret and tree  
Come forth for thy lover is waiting for thee.

The bird and the babe are in their soft bed  
The kine are asleep in the cottage's shed;  
The noise of the vesper has died ere the sea  
Oh come for thy lover is waiting for thee.  
She heard all his words with a thrill of delight  
Sigh twined a rich rose in her tresses of night  
One last look she gave to the chamber endeared,  
One last thought she gave to the father she feared.

Then led where her lover bided the dark sea  
Was singing so soft I am waiting for thee  
He had anchored his bark by the tree shadowed shore,  
One last look she gave and the struggle was o'er  
The wings of the moonlight in radiance afloat  
Round the dark castle-towers where her proud father slept.

As the breeze lightly wafted the bark down the  
That bore the lady maiden forever away  
The morning shone bright upon turret and tree  
The tower, the bower, the sea waves their vessel had sped  
The maid and her lover forever had fled!

## THE AGE OF HUMBAG'S.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

The age in which we live and thrive,  
In which we have our being;  
Is daily giving birth to truths  
That's really worth the seeing:  
Such abstruse schemes, denied of sense,  
As now are daily started;  
Would raise (if it were possible)  
The ghosts of the departed.

A certain party who would wish  
Their pockets lined with "racks,"  
Give out that they communion have  
With spirits—all by "knocks."  
That they question can propound,  
By setting round a table—  
Provided you are in a car,  
To be then well able.

I know that Horace Greeley's crew  
Have raised a great commotion;  
And by their talents have gone weight  
Unto this "rapping notion."  
But when I see those learned men  
Entangled in the toils;  
Ib thought intruder, that they who know,  
With their heads decide the quills.

No matter what humbug may start  
Some fools will always follow;  
When nature has supremely blessed  
With a "capacious soul;"  
And they succeed by impudence,  
With all apparent ease;  
In leading others to put faith  
In anything they please.

We always find that they who spread  
The humbug of those "heretics"  
Whose actions unite a loud display  
Are interested parties;  
Who always have an eye towards  
Replenishing their purses;  
We find that they who never heed  
The sufferer's muttered curses.

The man whose conscience is unlighted  
By interest or by gold;  
Will be or lend his name to swell  
Disimulation bold;  
The will towards their absurd schemes,  
Move never kind nor honest;  
But backward to their fountain send  
All humbug as they start.

THE BEAUTY OF A BLUSH.—Goethe was in company with a mother and her daughter, when the latter, being reproved for some fault, blushed and burst into tears. He said: "How beautiful your reproach has made your daughter. The crimson hue and those silvery tears become her better than any ornament of gold and pearls. There may be hung on the neck of a waif, but there are never seen disconnected with moral purity. A full blown rose, besprinkled with the purest dew, is not so beautiful as the child blushing beneath her parent's displeasure, and shedding tears of sorrow for her fault. A blush is the sign which nature hangs out to show where chastity and honor dwell."

## Inconvenience of a Moustache.

BY FLETA.

One kiss dear girl I humbly pray,  
And the moustached dandy "sided up;"  
One kiss, now dearest creature say,  
Oh! will you fill with bliss my cup?

The blushing maiden bent her head  
Gently toward that "sided man,"  
And whispered in her soft low tones  
Sir, you may kiss me—if you can.

## Daniel Boon.

In his peaceful habitation on the banks of the Yadkin River, in North Carolina, Daniel Boon, the illustrious hunter, had heard Finley, a trader, so memorable as a pioneer, describe a tract of land west of Virginia as the richest in North America, or in the world. In May, 1769, leaving his wife and offspring, having Finley as his pilot and four others as his companions, the young man of about three and twenty, wandered forth through the wilderness of America, "in quest of the country of Kentucky," known to the savages as "the dark and bloody ground," the "middle ground," between the subjects of the Five Nations and the Cherokees. After a long and fatiguing journey through mountain ranges, the party found themselves in June, on the Red River, a tributary to the Kentucky, and from the top of an eminence surveyed with delight the beautiful plain that stretched to the north-west. Here they built their shelter and began to reconnoitre and to hunt. All the kinds of wild beasts that were natural to America—the stately elk, the timid deer, the antlered stag, the wildest bear, the panther, and the wolf—crouched among the canes, or roamed over the rich grasses which, even beneath the thickest shades, sprang luxuriantly out of the generous soil. The buffaloes cropped fearlessly the herbage or browsed on the leaves of the reed, and were more frequent than cattle in a settlement of Carolina herdsmen. Sometimes there were hundreds of them in a drove, and round the salt licks their number was amazing.

The summer in which for the first time a party of white men enjoyed the brilliancy of nature near and in the valley of the Elkhorn, passed away in the occupations of exploring parties and the chase. But one by one, Boon's companions dropped off till he was left alone with John Stewart. They jointly found unceasing delight in the wonders of the forest, till one evening near Kentucky river, they were taken prisoners by a band of Indians, wanderers like themselves. They escaped and were joined by Boon's brother: so that when Stewart was soon after killed by savages, the first victim among the hetacomb of white men slain by them in their desperate battling for the lovely hunting ground, Boon still had his brother to share with him the dangers and attractions of the wilderness, the building and occupying the first cottage in Kentucky.

In the spring of 1770, that brother returned to the settlements for horses and supplies of ammunition, leaving the renowned hunter "by himself, without bread, or salt, or sugar, or even a horse or dog." "The idea of a beloved," anxious for his safety, tinged his thoughts with sadness; but otherwise the cheerful, meditative man, careless of wealth knowing the use of the rifle, not the plough, of a strong robust frame, in the vigorous health of early manhood, ignorant of looks, but versed in the forest and forest life, ever fond of tracking the deer on foot away from men, yet in his disposition, humane, generous and gentle, was happy in the uninterrupted succession of "syvian pleasure."

One calm summer evening, as he climbed a commanding ridge, and looked upon the remote "venerable mountains," and the nearer ample plains, caught a glimpse in the distance of his affections with majestic grandeur, his heart exulted in the region he had discovered. "All things were still." Not a breeze so much as shook a leaf. He kindled a fire near a fountain of sweet water, and feasted on the loin of a buck. He was no more alone than a bee among flowers, but communed familiarly with the whole universe of life. Nature was his intimate, and as the roving woodsman leaned confidently on her bosom, she responded to his intelligence.

For him the rocks and fountains, the leaf and the blades of grass had life; the cooling air laden with the wild perfume, came to him as a friend; the dewy morning wrapped him in its embrace; the trees stood up gloriously round about him as so many myriads of companions. All wore the character of design or poet. But how could he be afraid? Triumphing over danger, he knew no fear. The perpetual howling of the wolves by night round his cottage or his bivouac in the brake, was his diversion; and by day he had a joy in surveying the various species of animals that surrounded him. He loved the solitude better than the towered city or the hum of business.

Near the end of July, 1770, his faithful brother came back to meet him at the old camp. Shortly after, they proceeded to Cumberland river, giving names to the different waters and he then returned to his wife and children, fixed in his purpose at the risk of his life and fortune to bring them as soon as possible to live in Kentucky, which he esteemed a second Paradise.—Bancroft's History.

to Cumberland river, giving names to the different waters and he then returned to his wife and children, fixed in his purpose at the risk of his life and fortune to bring them as soon as possible to live in Kentucky, which he esteemed a second Paradise.—Bancroft's History.

## You Ask me to Love You.

BY ERNEST M. BEMENT.

You ask me to love you, and why?  
Sure love's but a notion down here,  
Which burns for a time as we sit—  
Fly back to the damp of the tear.

No, no, urge me not; I am lost  
To that you so sweetly propose;  
The theme all my fire it hath cost,  
And left but the withering rose.

## "YES, BUT HE DRINKS."

In the last number of the American Messenger is the following touching appeal. We would most earnestly recommend its reading to every one; and hope it may result in much good, for verily the blood crieth to us from the ground—

Asking of a friend the name of a young clerk not long since, I remarked, "He's a fine-looking boy." "Yes," my friend rejoined, "but he drinks." "What?" I exclaimed, "that boy drinks?" where and how can he get it?"

"He can get it fast enough," was the response; "and there are many more just like him, that have to be carried home intoxicated at night. He is an only son, and his mother is a widow."

With heartfelt grief I pondered these potent words, revealing as they did so much of human guilt and misery. And often since have I watched the misguided youth with pity mingled with prayer.

Oh, where are the loving hearts and the compassionate arms to seek out and lay hold on the young and inexperienced, and try to turn their thoughts to that which can profit them? What are the masters and employers doing, that so many under their charge are found going astray, with none to attempt a rescue?

Also that so many in every community are to be seen countenancing by their own example this deviation from the path of virtue! A young man passes my window daily who fills as yet a responsible situation. Of him it was said a short time ago, "He's a smart-looking man." "Yes," was the reply; "but he drinks." And now his livid face reveals too surely the nature of his habits. He stops on his way to see his little daughter, who lives with her aunts, for he is a widower, and rumor says he is soon again to enter the married state. Yes, but he drinks! Ah, of how many could this truly be said where least expected. And what misery and ruin are sure to follow in the train of such a practice.

How many can every one see around him whose wretched condition may be clearly traced to the indulgence of this widely prevailing evil habit. Too soon, alas, it reveals itself in a bowled face, shabby, neglected clothing, an ill-provided-for and ill-manned household, bankruptcy, and inevitable ruin.

Cannot something be done to check the alarmingly growing evil? Would not an effort to place good books in the hands of the young by the parents, teachers, masters, employers, be worth attempting? Might not lectures, especially adapted to that class, prove an important auxiliary in such a cause? And will not ministers of the gospel attend more earnestly and faithfully to their duty in this matter? Unless more vigorous measures are soon adopted, what can be anticipated but a fearful amount of crime and wretchedness revealing itself on every hand? May God give the compassionate heart and the willing hand in this momentous work.

A READY WITTED MADMAN.—A gentleman by the name of Man, residing near a private man of house, met one of his poor inmates, who had broken from his keeper. The maniac suddenly stopped, and resting upon a large stick, exclaimed: "Who are you, sir?" The gentleman was rather alarmed, but, thinking to divert his attention by a pun, he replied: "I am a double man. I saw a man by name, and a man by nature." "Are you so?" rejoined the other: "I am a man, besides myself, so we two will fight you two."

HOW TO QUARREL WITH YOUR WIFE.—(An unfailing recipe.)—Wait until she is at her toilet, preparatory to ask you if her bonnet is straight. Remark that the dices of nine tenths of woman are passed in thinking whether their bonnets are straight, and winking up with a remark that you never knew but one girl who had any common sense about her. Wife will ask you who that was. You, with a sigh, reply, "Ah! you never mind." Wife will ask you why you did not marry her then. You say, abstractly, "Ah! why, indeed?" The climax is reached by this time, and a regular row is sure to follow.

Sincerity is the basis of every manly virtue.



# THE TIMES.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

## ADVERTISING.

One square (12 lines) first insertion \$1.00.  
Each additional week 25c. The following ad-  
vertising rates will be made in favor of standing  
advertisements:  
1 MONTH. 3 MONTHS. 6 MONTHS. 1 YEAR.  
One square, \$1.00 \$2.50 \$4.00 \$6.00  
Two squares, 1.50 3.75 6.00 9.00  
Three squares, 2.00 5.00 8.00 12.00  
Four squares, 2.50 6.25 10.00 15.00  
Five squares, 3.00 7.50 12.00 18.00  
Professional and business cards, not exceeding  
six lines—per annum \$5.00

## Important from Utah—The Army on the March.

The Utah Territory will soon be the centre of public excitement as the battles of our army have been interest, which India and Nicaragua cannot excite. The United States army is now on its march for the Mormon government, and we will keep up the connection of events as best we can considering the great distance. The following important news appears in the St. Louis Republican of the 11th inst.

"Highly important intelligence has just been received at Fort Leavenworth, by express from Fort Laramie, with advice of October 22d. Lieut. Col. Cooke's command of second dragoons were four miles this side, and had encountered a snowstorm five days previously. Col. Albert S. Johnson was last heard from two hundred and thirty miles beyond Fort Laramie, and snow was seven inches deep one hundred miles this side of where the express left him. Owing to the slim supply of corn, and entire absence of grass, the teams of the entire command and the horses of the second dragoons were failing rapidly.

"News had reached Laramie that the Mormons had burnt three government trains (seventy five wagons) near Green river, ninety miles behind Col. Alexander's command, (10th infantry), which constituted the van guard of the army. It was rumored that the 10th and 5th infantry and the batteries of artillery would go over and take possession of a Mormon village on Bear river for winter quarters. It is stated that the dragoons had a month's supply of corn, at half allowance, and not a particle of grass. With snow on the ground, at that, it seems like madness for them to proceed beyond Laramie—certainly such a step could only be justified in view of the prospect of actual hostilities this winter, of which no one at this distance can judge.

"There was probably never before any portion of our army subjected to such privations and to whom the future presents such a gloomy picture as in the case at present with the army for Utah. And it can be said without disparagement to others that no portion of our army could have been better selected to battle with the hardships of a campaign, which more than all others proves the soldier, than the 'army for Utah.'

The commander, Col. Albert S. Johnson, of the 2d cavalry, stands among the first in ability in the army, with the indefatigable Major Fitzjulia Porter at his elbow. Under his command, and assisting him in his zeal of warriors, and the respective commanders of the 10th infantry, Colonel Alexander, and the 5th infantry, Lieut. Col. White, while the trying duty—the almost hopeless task of conducting the 'rear guard' (the six companies of 2d dragoons) through a snow path to its distant goal—rests with Lieut. Col. Cooke. No one familiar with the operations of our army for the last twenty years will fear that any of these officers will prove recreant to the important trusts confided to them. We may rest assured that if, upon Col. Johnson's arrival on the verge of the Salt Lake Valley, circumstances urge the propriety of immediate action, offensively, towards the Mormons, it will be done with a bold and decisive hand. Certainly no act is better calculated to hasten the inevitable doom of Mormonism than this attempt, on their part to destroy the army supplies. Nothing should shield them from the just retribution of an outraged government.

"We doubt if Colonel Johnson will be able, when his whole force is concentrated to muster over one thousand men for duty. Such an army so far from the base line is too small to cope long with vigorous resistance."

**EDITORIAL RESPONSIBILITY.**  
We admire the tone of the annexed article from the Independent Press. We think if all Editors entertain similar opinions and would act accordingly, it would be much better for the public morals. We published an editorial some time ago, on the moral tendency of the Press, in which we expressed substantially the same opinion, and we are truly glad to see such a determined stand, in this respect, taken by a brother Editor. This undoubtedly is the proper ground, and we hope to see the day when it will be more generally accepted, or rather more generally acted upon. The Independent Press, after concluding its exchanges being barren of news, and of the general inactivity in the commercial world, says:

"It is true we often are in our exchanges thrilling tales of duels, murders, acts of dishonesty, &c., but our opinion is, that these are not proper subjects to keep before the people. Were we to conduct a paper for an age, we would seldom, if ever, notice such things. In the first place, we would not give the perpetrators of such crimes, such notoriety, and in the next place we would not thus familiarize the public mind with crime.

"Our main aim is that an editor is responsible to God, as well as to society, for the moral tendency of his paper, the selected as well as the original matter in it, and that at the printing press in it has a tendency

to blunt the moral sensibility of his readers, he is guilty of a sin against God. And it is matter of perfect indifference whether this reading matter be in the form of advertisements or under the miscellaneous head. We have seen advertisements in the columns of our exchanges which could not find a place in ours, we could not be hired for money to publish such notices."

## THE BUSY WORLD.

**SEBASTOPOL.**—Major Leland, lately returned from Sebastopol, says that the place has almost the appearance of a New England ship yard. It is calculated that within two years from this time the harbor can be cleaned. Already the work of restoring the city has commenced. Among the curious articles brought home by Mr. Leland is a boarding anchor, recovered from the iron war steamer Vladimir, (sunk in sixty feet water, in the deepest part) and which is a beautiful piece of mechanism. Of seventy seven vessels sunk in the harbor, eight are iron, and will be restored to service with comparative ease. There are also official maps, prepared with great accuracy, showing the position of every ship, and the condition of the fortifications.

**CHIPPING TO SOME PURPOSE.**—A civil engineer of Boston was recently engaged to construct a water-wheel for the Atlantic mills of Lawrence, for which he was to receive \$2,000 if he saved seventy-six per cent. of the water power, and for every one per cent. above that he was to have \$350. He made a wheel which he affirmed saved ninety-six per cent., but as there was no sufficient practical test, the company refused to settle, and it was referred to three of the ablest men in the state, who awarded the engineer \$18,700. It is said that he spent more than \$5,000 in the mere mathematical calculation necessary to the construction of the wheel.

**SUSPENSION LEGALIZED.**—A bill legalizing the suspension of the banks of Missouri, till the 1st of November, 1858, passed the House Wednesday, by 25 majority.

**RECOGNIZED.**—The President has recognized Edward F. Hardy as vice-consul of Austria, at Norfolk, Va.

**A FEARFUL JUDGEMENT.**—The Hollidaysburg Standard, of a late date, says:—"For some days past, there has been a singular story afloat in this community. It appears that one day last week, a man in the neighborhood of Mount Union, Huntington county, while cleaning grain, suddenly discovered that the weevil had destroyed the greater part of it. This so exasperated him that he blasphemed the Saviour in such a willful, malicious and wicked manner, as will not bear putting in print. He left the barn and went to the house, where he seated himself in a chair, where he had remained but a few minutes before he turned to his wife, and asked her what she said. She replied that she had not spoken. 'I thought,' said he 'that I heard somebody say I must sit here till the judgment day.' It is now alleged that he is still sitting in the chair, unable to rise or speak, with his eyes rolling, and totally incapable of moving his body.

**A LAND OFFICE DECISION.**—It has been decided in a pre-emption case that the claimant's legal settlement commences from the day of his arrival at the age of 21 years, when he becomes a qualified pre-emptor; and that he may be permitted to amend his declaratory statement, dating his legal settlement from the time he becomes of age, provided there is then no adverse claimant to the land.

**STARVATION IN MINNESOTA.**—A committee from Stearns county, M. T., visited St. Paul recently to solicit contributions for persons in that county who were on the verge of starvation. They represent that for the past two years the crops in Stearns have been totally destroyed by the grasshoppers. There is not a bushel of wheat or oats in the county, raised within its borders. Farmers, but two years since comparatively wealthy, are now suffering from a want of the necessities of life. Over two thousand people, it is estimated, will require aid.

**THE LATE HAYTIN. FORGERY.**—It will be remembered that Capt. Mayo, of the American brig R. W. Packer, sailing between Boston and Cape Haytien, was arrested a month or two since at Cape Haytien, together with the steward of the vessel (a native of New Hampshire) and Mr. Laroche, a merchant of the Cape, to whom the Packer was assigned, on a charge of having and passing counterfeit Haytien government paper. The continued imprisonment, without trial, of the two Americans, was reported to the authorities at Washington, and it was announced from thence that a vessel of war from the United States would touch at the Cape to inquire into the matter. This announcement has reached Hayti, and, as we learn from the schooner George Millard, arrived at this port, has induced the Emperor to order the accused to Port au Prince for trial. The Navy Department having been notified of this fact, the Cyane will probably be ordered to Port au Prince instead of Cape Haytien, as at first intended.

There is indisputable evidence in the hands of the friends of Capt. M., that the forgery was actually committed by a Haytian named Hibbard, who was a passenger on board the R. W. Packer, and who had the counterfeit printed in Boston, before leaving for the Cape. There is not the slightest evidence that Capt. Mayo, Mr. Laroche, or the steward, were in any way connected with the transaction. Hibbard is now in prison in Port au Prince. By the Haytian law, the penalty for the crime is death.

**WILMINGTON AND WELDON R. R. COMPANY.**—We learn from the Journal, that the gross earnings of this Road for the year ending September 30th, 1857, were \$494,508 56, and the cost of "operating proper" \$224,402 22, leaving \$270,000 as net earnings. During the year \$65,174.20 was expended in filling up trestle work and in the purchase of additional engines and machinery. These expenses are considered as chargeable to construction and equipment, and are not included in the account for operating the road for the past year.

**A PROFESSORSHIP ENDOWED.**—William Dickinson, of Franklin county, Alabama, has endowed the chair of Moral Science and Belles-Lettres in the Florence Wesleyan University, at Florence, Alabama, with the sum of ten thousand dollars.

**FACTORY DEBT.**—The South Carolina Company's Cordage Factory was burnt on 10th inst. Loss \$50,000—insured for \$12,000 in Northern companies.

**CURIOUS FREAK OF NATURE.**—The Clarkson Register notices a stalk of cabbage, raised by Jacob Long, of Shilston, on which grew thirty distinct heads. All were fully developed heads though but one attained the full size. The others were about the size of a large apple, and regularly arranged around the principal head.

**POTATOES FOR THE SOUTH.**—The Richmond Whig says several vessels at the wharves in Augusta and at Hallowell, Maine, are being loaded with potatoes for the Southern markets. The prices range from thirty seven cents to fifty cents a bushel, according to the variety and quality.

**AN IMPORTANT CONTRACT AWARDED.**—The Secretary of the Navy has awarded to Roger J. Mahon, of Alton, Ill., and Francis A. Gibbons, of Baltimore, Md., the contract for the construction of the marine barracks about to be built at Pensacola, Fla., their bid of \$53,847 for the materials and work being the lowest offered.

**THE ATLANTIC CABLE.**—The Washington Star says the Navy Department has despatches from Captain Hudson of the U. S. frigate Niagara, dated Plymouth, England, Oct. 22d. He writes that they are at work day and night landing the telegraphic cable into a large wooden tank 161 feet in length and 40 wide, divided into four compartments; the whole wire from the Niagara and Agamemnon to be stored in two separate coils.

Six hundred miles of the cable has already been stored from the Niagara, and he hopes to complete the work during the succeeding week. The Company's engineer is now engaged with a steamer in an attempt to recover the lost wire.

**YOUNG LADY SHOT BY HER BROTHER.**—We are informed by the Bulletin that Miss Tabitha Lucas, daughter of Thomas Lucas, Esq., who resides in the southern part of Randolph County, was accidentally shot by her brother and badly wounded in both legs on 2nd inst. The accident happened in this manner: the young man saw a flock of wild pigeons and ran into the house where the sister was for his gun to shoot them, when by mishap the charge exploded, lodging the contents in the legs of the young lady. Though badly wounded it is thought amputation will not become necessary and that she will recover. Another warning from careless handling of dangerous weapons.

**THE PRICE OF HOGS.**—Speaking of the hog market, the Cincinnati Gazette, of Wednesday, says: "A sale of 500 hogs was effected to-day at \$5 per 100 lbs. net, deliverable from the 1st to the 10th of December. This is a clear decline of \$2 per 100 lbs. from the prices current about the 1st of August. Packing operations will commence in this city, weather favoring, about the 5th of November. But for the occurrence of the panic, prices would have opened at over \$8. It is now thought they will recede to \$4. At present every thing favors a low range of prices; but as the market will be governed by the course of financial affairs, it is difficult at present to form a reliable opinion as to the future.

**SOUTHERN CROCKERY.**—The discovery of "Crockery" the fine clay, which china and granite ware is made, in South Carolina and Georgia, has introduced among us a Georgia cotemporary, another branch of industry, likely to prove of great commercial value to us. As crockery is an article of almost universal consumption, we may expect it to become an article of extensive exportation.

**THE SOUTHERN PORCELAIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY.**—This company, having a capital of \$50,000, and own a bed of 25 acres of the clay, which is pronounced to be equal to the foreign. Their works are about six miles below Augusta Ga., and one and a half mile from Bath, near the South Carolina Railroad. They have dug downwards some twenty four feet without reaching its bottom, and regard the supply as ample for years to come. The company gives employment to some 40 persons, and now turn off four hundred dollars worth of ware per week, which will be increased to \$800 per week as soon as another kiln is prepared.

At present their operations are confined to the manufacture of pitchers, mugs and

squibs, but they will make table ware in a short time. Their manufactures will be sold as low as the same at the North, so that the expense of freight will be saved to the consumer. Let it be encouraged as a new feature in Southern enterprise.

**NORTH CAROLINA BANKS.**—The Bank of Wadesboro has declared a dividend of five per cent of profits for the last six months. The Bank of Cape Fear at Wilmington, has declared a semi-annual dividend of three per cent.

**MORTALITY OF WRECKERS.**—From the year 1852 to 1856, the loss of life on the ocean was four thousand three hundred and sixty-three.

**A CHANCE FOR MEXICO.**—Under this head the Mexican Extraordinary alludes to the financial crisis in the Northern cities, and the consequent starving condition of thousands of the laboring classes there.—"Mexico wants labor. She has abundance of vacant untilled land. On her soil no one need starve if he will but work. Mexico needs the one hundred thousand persons that will be idle in the city of New York this winter, and with that army of strong arms and talent much could be done. Mr. Escandon could find in them valuable allies in building his railroad."

**GOOD SIGNS FOR BETTER TIMES.**—The New York Express states that there are now loading grain and flour at that port, the large number of thirty ships, all for Europe, about half being for Liverpool, and the remainder for Glasgow. They will average about 20,000 bushels for each ship. Such a wholesale exportation of these two staple articles of agricultural produce is unprecedented.

**FOR LIBERIA.**—The ship Mary Caroline Stephens, Capt. Heaps, will leave Hampton Roads Va., in a few days with 163 emigrants for Liberia. Fifty four of the number were shipped at Baltimore and the remaining one hundred and nine were taken in at Norfolk.

**ANOTHER ACCIDENT.**—The Fayetteville Argus says a young man by the name of Richard Bowling, whilst out squirrel hunting, on Thursday last, not far from town, was killed instantly by the accidental discharge of his gun—the whole contents entering his head.

**MUCH IN A SMALL SPACE.**—A very celebrated Scotch divine says:—"The world we inhabit must have had an origin; that origin must have consisted in a cause; that cause must have been intelligent; that intelligence must have been efficient; that efficiency must have been ultimate; that ultimate power must have been supreme; and that which always was and is supreme we know by the name of God.

**INDIGO.**—The price of this article must be much higher than it is at present, as the stock on hand is gradually consumed. It was formerly raised in South Carolina, Georgia, and North Carolina but the English encouraged its production in India, and we now purchase our supplies of them. The present war will give us a good opportunity to reinstate this as one of the staple productions of the South.

**DEATH FROM SNUFF DIPPING.**—A beautiful and otherwise highly accomplished young lady, of New York, died recently from the effect of the pernicious and disgusting practice of snuff dipping. She had become so addicted to the habit that her lungs were literally stopped up with the vile compound, respiration being stopped, death ensued. Let snuff dipper make a note.

**THE GEORGIA LEGISLATURE.**—The session of the Georgia Legislature commenced last week. Gov. Brown's inaugural Address is said to be an ably written document. The leading subjects are the Western and Atlantic Railroad, which he thinks might be disposed of to individuals with advantages to the State; and the suspension of the Banks, upon which he expresses himself with some severity, intimating that, if the evidence is presented to him of the failure of any Bank to pay specie, he will immediately place the defaulting Bank in liquidation. It is surmised that the Legislature is more leniently disposed towards the Banks, and that a bill will probably be passed legalizing their suspension.

**WHOLESALE MASSACRE OF EMIGRANTS BY INDIANS.**—The Los Angeles (California) Star gives an account of the massacre of an emigrant train on the way from the States of Missouri and Arkansas to California. The train was about one hundred and thirty strong, and all were killed except fifteen infants. The cause of the massacre is said to be ill treatment of the Indians by other white emigrants.

**THE CENTENARY ANNIVERSARY OF THE TOWN OF HALIFAX.**—The citizens of the town of Halifax, in this State, intend celebrating the hundredth anniversary of that town on the 20th and 21st inst. From what has been said, first and last, of this anniversary, we presume they will have a great time. A recent correspondent remarks, that "several gentlemen have been named as proper persons to deliver the address on the occasion, and among them none to whom this task could be more appropriately assigned, or by whom it would be more worthily performed, than Thomas B. Burton, Esq., the only surviving son of the late Gov. H. G. Burton. Mr. Burton and all his ancestors at least three generations back, have been thoroughly identified with the town and county; and his grand father Col. Willis

Jones, acted a conspicuous part in the Convention which sat in Halifax and framed the first Constitution of the State.

Mr. Burton is a young gentleman of talent and enjoys a finished education which he improves by a constant course of reading, and I am sure would be the occasion justice."

We return our acknowledgments to the Managers, for their kind invitation to be present at Whitehead's Hotel, on the evenings of the twentieth and twenty-first inst.

**North Carolina Baptist State Convention.**  
We learn from the Portsmouth Transcript that this religious body closed its 25th Anniversary on the 9th inst. The meeting was held in Hertford, Perquimans county. It is said to have been a very pleasant meeting, and the greatest unanimity and good feeling characterized its proceedings. The delegates in attendance were few, the only visiting members from abroad being the Rev. Dr. Taylor of Richmond, and Dr. Teasdale, of Washington city. This was owing somewhat to the hardness of the times, but more to the inaccessibility of the place of meeting.

But few as were the numbers present, we learn that one great work, at least, was accomplished. We mean the completion of the endowment of Wake Forest College. This noble work was commenced a year ago at the meeting of the Convention at Raleigh, where, in one hour, more than twenty five thousand dollars was pledged to the object, on condition that \$50,000 should be raised within a specified time. The agent of the College, at the late meeting, reported that \$45,000 had been raised during the year and \$5000 only remained to be raised to complete the work. A few effective addresses were made on the subject, and the whole \$50,000 were raised on the floor of the Convention, thus securing the \$50,000 conditionally pledged.

A jubilee was enjoyed by the friends of the College at the announcement that the whole sum was raised for the endowment, and the most affecting gratulations are said to have been indulged on the occasion. The President of the Convention and one other brother, the only two persons present at the formation of the Convention, 28 years ago, fell upon each other's necks and wept for joy. Indeed, the house is said to have been a very Bochim—a place of tears; but they were tears of gratitude and joy. The Convention meets next year at Raleigh.

**HURRICANE IN OHIO.**—A terrible hurricane passed over the country, one mile north of Frankfort, in Ohio, on the line of the Marietta and Cincinnati Railroad on Friday afternoon, destroying barns and fences. A two story dwelling was completely prostrated, and eight or ten persons were seriously injured. Two of them are not expected to recover. A hurricane was also felt on Friday, half a mile west of Crestline. It passed along the north end of the village, blowing down houses and barns, more or less injuring several persons. It subsequently took an easterly direction, doing considerable damage.

**NEW TREATY WITH PERU.**—The President proclaimed on the 6th the binding force of the treaty between the United States and Peru, concluded on the basis that "Free ships make free goods, and the property of neutrals on board enemies vessels is not subject to detention or confiscation, unless the same be contraband of war." The contracting parties engage to apply these principles to the commerce and navigation of all such powers and states as shall consent to adopt them as permanent and immutable.

**ENGLISH CIVILIZATION.**—Late English papers mention that a wife was recently sold by her husband, at Worcester, for a shilling and a quart of ale.

**A PROPER MOVEMENT.**—There is a movement by the banks in New York, it is said, towards resuming specie payments on the first of January. The sooner this step is taken the better it will be for the business of the country, now prostrated by want of confidence. All the solvent banks should look to the earliest possible day for resumption; the insolvent ones had better be put out of the way.

**ACCEPTABLE PRESENT FOR THE TIMES.**—The Prince of Siam, now on a mission to England, is charged to offer to Queen Victoria several superb presents, and among others a throne in massive gold, set with jewels.

**METHODIST CHURCH SOUTH AND SLAVERY.**—The Holsten conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church South at its recent conference at Marion, Va., resolved that clause in the discipline which prohibits the buying and selling of men, women and children for the purpose of enslaving them." The Knoxville Whig says that there were over one hundred preachers in the conference and only four voted against it. The proposition is to be submitted to the twenty three annual conferences South, between this and the meeting of the general conference in May next, which convenes in Nashville.

**TOURNAMENT.**—There will be a Tournament at Weldon on Wednesday, Nov. 25th, and a Fanny and dress Ball, at W. W. Happer's Weldon Hotel, on the evenings of the 24th and 25th.

**GOV. IZARD RESIGNED.** A dispatch from St. Louis dated 11th, says, Gov. Izard, of Nebraska has resigned, and is now on his way home to Arkansas.

**GRAND DIVISION OF North Carolina.** meets in Louisburg on Tuesday 1st December, at 11 o'clock, A. M.

**CLAY MONUMENTAL STATUE.** The contract for the statue of HENRY CLAY, to be erected in New Orleans, has been signed, and the work will be at once undertaken.

**A MONSTER INDIAN** passed through Chattanooga last week, going to the Atlanta Fair for exhibition. This human monster is said to be seven feet nine inches high, eighteen years old, weighing 460 lbs.

**THE NEXT CONGRESS:** The Washington Union has a list of the members elect to the next Congress, from which it appears that the House will contain 128 Democrats to 92 "Republicans" and 14 "Americans," leaving a Democratic majority of twenty-two.

**SOUTHERN WHEAT ABROAD.**—It is a curious fact, not generally known, that at the last "Great World's Fair" in London, wheat raised in Floyd county, Georgia, took the second premium, among the vast number of samples of this cereal from all quarters of the globe.

**WELL DONE.**—Every child in New Hampshire that could read, and that was destitute of the New Testament, has been supplied with a copy during the past year by the Bible Society.

**"MUSTANG GRAY."**—The above is the title of a novel by the Hon. Jere Clemens, of Alabama, just issued from the press of Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia.

**The Swiss Treaty and the Hebrews.**  
A treaty has lately been made between the United States and Switzerland, and is regarded in some particulars as oppressive to the Hebrews.

The Hon. Mr. Phillips, in presenting to the President the proceedings of the Hebrew Convention, lately held in Baltimore in regard to the treaty, made the following address:

**Mr. President:** The delegation from a convention of Israelites of the United States, lately held in the city of Baltimore, has honored me with the request that I should introduce its members to your excellency, and present on their behalf a memorial adopted by that convention in reference to the first clause of the first article of the treaty lately proclaimed between this country and the Swiss Confederation.

At the head of a great confederated republic, whose federal constitution is based not only on the equality of the citizens of those States, the delegates desire to say to you that they regard the article of the treaty referred to as violative, at least, of the spirit of that equality which breathes through our institutions and animates them into action.

Certain laws and regulations of the Swiss cantons deprive Israelites of some of the rights of civilized man. An American citizen of the Hebrew persuasion, while in his own country, receives, under the guarantees of the constitution, all the benefits it confers on any other citizen, and is, therefore, entitled to the same privileges and immunities in his intercourse with foreign nations which might be secured, through the treaty-making power, to any other portion of his fellow-citizens of a different denomination.

In the particular instance before us, the cause of complaint is, that though it is well known that these cantonal laws and regulations, which would disgrace the statute book of the darkest ages, existed, yet that the provision of the treaty was so framed as, while it seemed to secure the majority of our citizens adequate protection, left a minority—those of the Hebrew persuasion—without that protection, and subject to an odious discrimination.

Mr. President: The protestants know full well they can exert but little influence over political events by force of their mere numbers, but they know at the same time that the checks and balances of the government were instituted mainly for the protection of minorities. They, therefore, plant themselves upon a right; they advocate a constitutional principle; and in appealing to you for their vindication, they feel they are addressing a just magistrate, whose anxiety and care will only be increased by the weakness of the sufferer.

If, sir, the condition of the country had rendered the execution of such a treaty important; if some great State necessity, involving the safety or welfare of the people, had called for the sacrifice, the Israelites, as I am informed and believe, would have submitted to it in silence. But for the comparative small consideration and petty advantages secured to the country by this treaty they do not feel that they are called upon from any patriotic motive to withhold their solemn protest against so flagrant a wrong.

The delegates come, therefore, to you, as the executive head of this great confederacy of States, and to dictate action, not even to suggest the remedy, but frankly to declare the character of their grievance, and to leave to that sense of justice and wisdom which have marked your private life and made illustrious your public career the determination of the complaint and the means of its redress.

**DR. WM. C. SMITH, HAVING** located in Greensboro, will attend all calls in town or country. He may be found at all times at his office, adjoining R. G. Lindsay's Store, formerly occupied by Dr. Freeman. (92-3m)

**JAMES M. HUGHES, FASHION-**ABLE TAILOR, West Market Street, one door below the Book Store. All persons wishing clothes made in the latest style and on the most reasonable terms, can be accommodated by calling at my shop. Have regular agency by which I receive the Paris, New York and Philadelphia fashions every three months. No establishment in the country is better prepared to give good and fashionable work. (One trial is all that is asked, and if satisfaction is not given as above, the money will be refunded both in cutting and making.)

**MRS. LUCRETIA SALLEE HAS** taken a room in Messrs. J. & F. Garrett's New Brick building, second story, and expects to be able to accommodate all who may want to make Ladies' Dresses, or Gentlemen's Coats, Pants, Vests. All work will be done in good style and on moderate terms. Room No. 3, second story, J. & F. Garrett's, New Brick Building. (44)

**LAMPS.** A large lot of FLUID LAMPS just received at the Drug Store of W. O. PORTER.

## COMMERCIAL.

**GREENSBORO MARKET, Nov. 18.**  
Reported expressly for the Times.  
By Gilmer & Hendrix, Merchants and Dealers.  
Bacon 16 1/2 @ 18; Beef 6 1/2 @ 7; Beans 20; Butter 20 @ 22; Coffee 16 @ 18; Eggs 10 @ 12; Flour 6 @ 8; Hides 10 @ 12; Lard 10 @ 12; Pork 10 @ 12; Rice 8 @ 10; Sugar 12 @ 14; Tallow 12 @ 14; Wheat 80 @ 100; Wool 20 @ 30.

**WILMINGTON MARKET, Nov. 17.**  
Reported expressly for the Times.  
By Rowland & Bros., Commission Merchants.  
Bacon, hams 16 @ 20; Beef 6 @ 7; Beans 16 @ 18; Butter 20 @ 22; Coffee 16 @ 18; Eggs 10 @ 12; Flour 6 @ 8; Hides 10 @ 12; Lard 10 @ 12; Pork 10 @ 12; Rice 8 @ 10; Sugar 12 @ 14; Tallow 12 @ 14; Wheat 80 @ 100; Wool 20 @ 30.

**NORFOLK MARKET, Nov. 16.**  
Reported expressly for the Times.  
By Rowland & Bros., Commission Merchants.  
Bacon, hams 16 @ 20; Beef 6 @ 7; Beans 16 @ 18; Butter 20 @ 22; Coffee 16 @ 18; Eggs 10 @ 12; Flour 6 @ 8; Hides 10 @ 12; Lard 10 @ 12; Pork 10 @ 12; Rice 8 @ 10; Sugar 12 @ 14; Tallow 12 @ 14; Wheat 80 @ 100; Wool 20 @ 30.

**REMARKS.**—Flour receipts have been rather better than for some weeks past, but the supply on hand is small, and the demand for Corn receipts are large, but the demand for shipment at this time is small: Apples dried, arrive daily, and are sold at quotations: Black Eye Peas are wanted, the crop is decidedly a short one, last sales at quotations: Lumber is in better demand, it was sent off last week with rather more spirit.

**NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 18.**—The cotton market here wears a dull and unsettled appearance and quotations are altogether nominal, although 11, 11 1/2 is still asked for middling.

**NEW YORK, Nov. 14.**—Cotton is quiet. Flour is heavy—sales of 12,000 bbls at a decline of 5 cts on State and 15 cts on Ohio; Southern unchanged. Common to good State 4 90; Ohio 5 35 @ 5 75; Southern 5 10 @ 5 50. Wheat has declined—sales of 17,000 bushels at 1 37 @ 1 52 cts for Southern white. Corn is quiet—sales of 10,000 bushels at 75 cts for mixed.

**CHARLESTON, Nov. 14.**—The transactions to-day foot up 550 bales, at a decline of a full 1 c, based upon the recent advice from across the water.

## Business Cards.

**H. C. FREEMAN,**  
ABOTT, JOHNS & CO.,  
IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF  
STAPLE AND FANCY  
SILK GOODS,  
No. 153 Market Street, Philadelphia.  
1857.

**A. PERRY SPERRY,**  
(Formerly of Greensboro, N. C.)  
BELL, BROOKS, PACE & CO.,  
IMPORTERS & DEALERS IN  
STAPLE AND FANCY  
DRY GOODS,  
No. 89 Chestnut, and 111 North Street,  
1857. NEW YORK.

**JOHN W. PAYNE,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
HAVING permanently located in  
Greensboro, N. C., will attend the Courts of Randolph, Davidson, and Guilford, and promptly make the collection of all claims placed in his hands.  
Jan. 8, 1857. 53ly

**K. N. MERRICKSON & A. J. HOWELL,**  
MURCHISON & HOWELL,  
(Formerly of New York City)  
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,  
194 Wall Street,  
NEW YORK.

**PERSONAL ATTENTION** given to all business entrusted to their care. (35-ly)

**STERLING LAMIER.** RAMPSON LAMIER

**LAMAR HOUSE,**  
(FURNISHED) COLLEGE HOUSE,  
KNOXVILLE, TENN.,  
S. S. LAMIER, Proprietor.

**MR. STERLING LAMIER,** late of the Lamar House, Macon, Ga., and Sampson Lamer, late of Tuskegee, Ala., will be happy to meet all friends and customers at the Lamar House, where they have ample accommodation for 250 persons. 54ly

**G. H. KELLEY & BROTHER,**  
Dealers in Family Groceries and provisions, No. 11 North Water St., Wilmington, N. C. Will keep constantly on hand, Sugars, Coffee, Molasses, Cheese, Flour, Butter, Lard, Soap, Crackers, Starch, Oils, Sausages, &c. Commercial Bank, John McKee, President of Bank of Wilmington, of Wilmington; A. M. Gorman, Rev. R. T. Hedlin, of Raleigh; J. & F. Garrett, of Raleigh, John Newton, P. A. Holt, W. R. Albright, Clarence; J. H. Haughton, A. H. Lindley, Chatham; P. C. Cameron, John F. Lyon, W. J. Ringham, Orange; John Long, Randolph; E. G. Reade, G. & H. Williams, Person. 61ly

**R. JUNIUS MENDENHALL,**  
Land Agent,  
Will select and enter Government Lands with cash or warrants—make investments, loan money—and transact a general real estate business throughout the North West.  
Address, R. J. MENDENHALL,  
(65-ly) Minneapolis,



# THE TIMES

Published every Thursday in Greensboro, N. C.

EDITORS: E. W. OGBURN, C. C. COLE, JAMES W. ALBRIGHT.

Corresponding Editors: R. G. STALLAN, Portsmouth, Va.; WILLIAM R. HAYES, South Carolina.

GREENSBORO, N. C.

THURSDAY, NOV. 19, 1887.

Positive Arrangement.

Subscribers receiving their papers with a cross mark are notified that their subscription will expire in four weeks, and unless renewed within that time their names will be erased from the mail book.

TERMS: 1 Copy one year, \$2.00; 6 Copies, \$10.00; 12 Copies, \$18.00.

No paper sent unless the money accompanies the order, nor will the paper be sent longer than paid for.

Specimen copies sent gratis, on application.

Address: OGBURN, COLE & ALBRIGHT, Greensboro, N. C.

PRIZES: PRIZES!!

The Publishers of the Times will give a Prize of \$40 for the best original story of not less than twenty columns. And for the second best they will give a Prize of \$20. To give competitors time, we will delay the decision until the 20th of January, and manuscripts received up to that date will be entitled to a trial for the premiums. Competent and disinterested judges will make the decision. All manuscripts will be at the disposal of the publishers after the judges have awarded the premiums.

Competitors must mail their manuscripts to "The Times" marked "Prize," and enclose their address in a sealed envelope. P. S. Should the Publishers deem any story, not awarded a premium, worthy of publication, they will refund the author all the expense of postage &c.

OUR EXCHANGES:—To such of the Southern papers as have been kind enough to insert the prospectus of the Times we return our thanks. It is a gratuitous kindness on their part, rendered not to us, but to the cause of Southern Literature; yet in the name of that cause, we thank them, and hope they may never be forgotten at the hands of the people. We have noticed the prospectus in the following papers thus far, and shall be pleased to name others as they may be received:—Standard, Spirit of the Age, Christian Advocate, and Live Giraffe, Raleigh; Warrenton News; Goldboro Tribune; Sentinel and Statesman, Winston; Commercial and Herald, Wilmington; Chapel Hill Gazette; Rail Road Car, Germantown; People's Press, Salem; Reporter, Sentinel and Educational Journal, Georgia.

TO MAGAZINE SUBSCRIBERS:—All persons taking Harper's Magazine, Godey's Lady's Book, Graham's Magazine, the Southern Literary Messenger, the British Quarterly, or any \$3 Magazine, can save one dollar by subscribing through us, as we furnish the Times and any \$3 Magazine one year for only \$4. Persons wishing the British Quarterly and Blackwood's Magazine can save \$2 by ordering through us as we will send the Times extra, for \$10, the regular price for these periodicals.

COUNTY ATTORNEY:—We learn our townsman Levi M. Scott, Esq., was elected on Monday last, being county court. Attorney for this county, Vice C. P. Mendall, Esq., resigned. Mr. Scott is a very promising young lawyer, and is well qualified for the office.

AGENTS FOR GODEY:—"Let it be distinctly understood that we have no agents for whose acts we are responsible, and we are only accountable to those who remit directly to us. We have no agents that solicit subscribers. Money must be sent to the publisher, L. A. Godey, Philadelphia."

How is this, Mr. Godey? A gentleman was in our office a few days since, as your collecting agent, and exhibited a certificate to that effect, with your own signature. We know your hand, and it was all right.

A BEAUTIFUL WORK OF ART:—In the extension of the new Capitol at Washington, Congress ordered the construction of two immense brass doors, with suitable devices, in bas relief, and Mr. Crawford was requested to execute the work. Mr. Crawford was unable to construct but one, and requested that the other might be entrusted to Mr. Rogers. This was accordingly done, and Mr. Crawford chose for his design the Revolution and some of its stirring incidents, and Mr. Rogers, the discovery of America by Columbus, including the chief incidents in his grand career. We are informed, says the Richmond Dispatch, that this is one of the most splendid achievements of American genius which has yet been given to the world. The door, a huge folding door, is some thirty feet in height, and the various panels illustrate the different stages of the progress of Columbus, from the first conception of his mighty project up to its grand execution, which is magnificently illustrated in the arch, and then, on the successive descending panels, other striking incidents of his course, including his shameful imprisonment, and, at last his death.

ARRESTED:—Last Friday night a white man was committed to Jail in Charlotte, for attempting to run off slaves. He gave his name as Jos. Underwood, and is said to be a native of Union county. He says others were connected with him.

## JUDGE PERSON ON DRUNKENNESS.

A correspondent of the Salisbury Watchman, writing from Mecklenburg county, gives the following account of the faithful-ness of Judge Person in reference to the Law on Drunkenness. It was in his charge to the Grand Jury, and met with unqualified approbation from men of all parties.

"On the subject of public drunkenness, he said,—that persons might drink in private as much as they pleased—even to intoxication, and the Law did not, ought not, to notice or take hold of them. But when they get drunk and appear in public, such exhibitions shock public decency, are dangerous to the public order, and are against public morals. Nor, said he, is it necessary that a man should thus exhibit himself a dozen or half dozen times, until the public patience is exhausted towards him, before the Law takes hold of him. It is sufficient if he does so in a single instance. He is liable to an indictment as a public nuisance."

Such views seem to me to be highly just and proper. I believe it is understood to be Law that if a person makes a single improper exhibition of his person in public, it is indictable. What can be more repulsive to common decency, more injurious to good morals, or more dangerous to the public peace, than to see a man, or a number of men, drunk and still drinking—at one time wallowing in the dirt on your streets and pavements; and at another time, furious with intoxicated madness, staggering through a crowd, cursing and swearing, and offering to fight any or all who are present.

My sole object, Mr. Editor, is to call general attention to this view of the law, as held by Judge PERSON, in the hope that our other Judges will also lay it down in their charges to Grand Jurors; and that the Peace Officers of the Country will attend to its execution."

THE AGE ONCE MORE.

The Editor of the Spirit of the Age in his last issue still strives in vain to extricate himself from the unpleasant dilemma in which he is placed. His article runs out to considerable length, but without any point or argument, simply casing his own guilty conscience with repeating the base epithets as heretofore—the arguments of a little mind or a weak cause. We, therefore, make no reply, but simply hold him responsible for intermeddling with that which did not concern him, of mutilating our prospectus, and then publishing our names to it; and secondly, publishing our own prospectus, one similar to it for the Age, abjuring the Temperance feature as the prominent feature, not because he had any idea of forsaking the Temperance cause, (as he afterwards admits), but merely to do away with the force of our prospectus and to secure for his own "pet," all who might feel inclined to subscribe for a Southern Literary and Family Journal. The public can easily see the unpleasant position in which the Editor of the Age has placed himself, and as he gives no argument in way of extricating himself from this dilemma, we leave the subject with them, as it is, without any further reply.

RUSSIA AND CHINA.

The opinion is expressed by some who profess to know, that at this time, when England's attention and forces are wholly drawn to India, a very convenient opportunity is opened for the operations of Russia in the East. China has long been an important field for Russian enterprise, but to what extent has necessarily escaped the observation of other nations. We only know that a large overland trade has been going on between the two countries for centuries. It has probably reached its limit by reason of the difficulties of that method of communication and transport. The next step is to open a seaboard intercourse, which Russia is now in position to do. Accordingly, Admiral Putiatin was dispatched on an extraordinary mission to Peking, not long since, empowered, doubtless, to initiate negotiations to this end. At any rate, having been refused a reception by the Chinese Government, the same officer has received instructions to repair to Shanghai, with the Amour fleet, which, after its arrival there, is to be reinforced by five light vessels of war. This looks as if the Russian object is not to be given up, and that if embassies fail, it must then be tried, what virtue there is in men-of-war and grape-shot. While these active preparations are going forward, the Russian papers are indulging in plausible arguments, to show that by the sudden suspension of English operations against the Chinese, the latter will get a very contemptuous idea of Europeans, unless the Russians generously step in and continue the demonstrations of military superiority.

SECRETARY OF STATE:—The Governor, by and with the advice of the Council of State, has appointed Rufus W. Page, Esq., to fill the vacancy in the office of Secretary of the State, occasioned by the death of Mr. Hill.

Mr. Page is son-in-law to Mr. Hill, and has written in his office for a number of years; he is therefore well qualified for the office and to enter immediately upon its duties.

MORMON OUTRAGES:—Despatches received in New York on the 10th, state that the Mormons have arisen in an armed force and attacked the overland wagons of the military and other passengers, and have destroyed 75 of the Government ammunition and provision wagons. The troops have not yet reached the desert.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

The intelligence by the Arrabia, from Liverpool 31st October, is highly important. The British troops arrived at Delhi on the 14th of September, and effected a lodgment after six days obstinate resistance, and on the 20th they had entire possession of the city. A great number of the mutineers escaped; among them the King and his two sons. Fifty British officers were killed. Gen. Harcourt had started to raise the siege of Lucknow.

By the fall of Delhi, confidence is re-established in England. The week of the mutiny in India is broken, and that simple by the European troops in the country, assisted by a few regiments drawn from China and the different colonial posts. When the large reinforcements, now pouring in from Europe, shall have had time to take part, the fight will be over.

But the most important news so far as this country is concerned just now, is the financial and commercial condition of Europe. The pressure had caused a slight decline in the cotton market, and the suspension of a few banks and firms, yet the news is much more favorable than was anticipated, and it is predicted there will be no material trouble ahead. The Bank of England had reached its highest rate of interest, and the next change would be, it is represented, for the better. We trust that the worst may really have been passed. If the appearances be not delusive, we may look for a favorable reaction even before the advent of the coming year. This reaction is even already felt in the Northern cities.

S. C. COLLEGE A "NUISANCE."—The Grand Jury of Abbeville for the Fall Term made the following presentment, which the Anderson True Carolinian thinks is rather overstepping their legitimate sphere:

"That the South Carolina College, under its present Faculty, is not fulfilling the design had in view in its organization by the Legislature. The present Faculty have shown themselves utterly incapable of governing the students, and the Grand Jury are really surprised that the Trustees should have replaced them in their professorships, after having so justly turned them out. They would recommend therefore, that until the College be placed under the control of a Faculty capable of governing it, that the annual appropriations thereto be withheld. In our opinion, under its present management, it is a nuisance."

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for December closes the fifty fifth volume. It is a most superb number. It has 5 steel plates, 1 colored fashion plate, 1 slipper printed in colors, 12 pages printed in blue tint, 49 engravings, 100 pages and 60 contributions. Godey promised 100 pages of the book to make the Lady's Book the best in the world, and we believe he has succeeded. But he promises to out Godey himself in 1888. Terms \$3, or the Book and the Times \$4.

American Quarterly Review of Free Masonry, and its kindred sciences, edited by Albert G. Mackey, M. D., Robt. Maey, publisher, 20 Beekman-st., New York. Pp. 144, Svo. \$3 per annum.

We have received the second number of this "Quarterly," and find a good realization of the pledges and promises of the opening number. The Editor, himself, is a host, and could alone and unaided, set forth quarterly a rich and instructive offering of Masonic lore, and of literary disquisition pertinent to the Masonic cause. He is, however, assisted in this great enterprise by a list of distinguished and experienced contributors, many of whom are as well known to the Republic of letters at large as to the circles of Masonic fellowship and fraternity. An agency will soon be established in Charleston, and meanwhile we refer to the publisher's address as above. The Editor will be addressed at Charleston for all matters in the editorial department. Charleston Courier.

U. S. DISTRICT COURT, and CHARLES COWLAND.—We made notice last week of the trial and confession of Cowland before the U. S. District Court at Norfolk, for robbing the mail. On Friday Judge Hayburton passed the sentence upon the prisoner. His duty was painful, but he performed it in a solemn and dignified manner. In alluding to the greatness of the crime and the severity of the punishment, he said:—

"The public interest demands that the mails be protected against depredators; and the punishment even of death would be justifiable if the end could be obtained in no other way. The law denounces against those who are entrusted with the mail as Post Masters, and others employed about the Post Office, a penalty more than doubly as severe as that which is inflicted upon others who rob it. It is proper to do so, because such officers and agents have had better and more frequent opportunities of committing depredations upon it than other persons, and are less liable to be detected. Sooner or later, however, almost all offenders are found out. It is impossible for the warlike and coolest criminal to foresee and guard against all the circumstances that lead to discovery."

After some further remarks relative to the detection of persons who rob the mails, &c., the Judge pronounced his punishment, "imprisonment at hard labor in the State Penitentiary for the term of ten years."

Cowland is said to be a youth of about 19 years. On the evening after hearing his sentence, he attempted to commit suicide by ingesting a wound on his arm with a knife which he found in his cell.

COWLAND IN A NEW LIGHT:—Since the above proceedings, new developments have been made, which show the "tender youth" to be an old criminal—a consummate villain. Col. Morgan, Superintendent of the Penitentiary and to whom Cowland has been delivered, recognizes him as having been previously confined there for 15 months, for an attempted burglary. He was discharged from confinement on the 21st day of September, 1886, and was before imprisoned under the name of Charles Cushman.

He was sentenced for breaking open and entering a dwelling house. There is no sort of doubt of the person, Cowland, being the same who was sentenced as above stated. While in Richmond, he was also claimed by some of the "birds" from the Ohio Penitentiary as a "chua" of theirs.

Distribution of the School Fund.

The President and directors of the Literary Fund have published the amount of the Fall Distribution now due the several counties of the State for Common School purposes. The amount will be paid to the persons entitled to the same, on application to the Treasury Department. For the convenience and information of the Common School officers, we transfer the table to our columns.

COUNTIES.	FALL DIS.	COUNTIES.	FALL DIS.
Albemarle,	\$1,219.92 Jones,	\$172.20	
Alexander,	600.86 Lenoir,	741.81	
Ames,	1,230.72 Lincoln,	830.85	
Ashe,	1,024.68 Madison,	688.02	
Beaufort,	1,405.92 McDowell,	740.28	
Bertie,	1,196.76 Macon,	740.28	
Bladen,	962.88 Martin,	755.22	
Brancifort,	714.12 Mecklenburg,	1,496.88	
Buncombe,	1,480.56 Montgomery,	789.56	
Burke,	820.28 Moore,	1,026.26	
Cabarrus,	1,040.88 Nash,	948.68	
Caldwell,	700.32 New Hanover,	1,708.82	
Camden,	620.88 Northampton,	1,287.72	
Carteret,	744.96 Onslow,	844.80	
Caswell,	1,459.82 Orange,	1,794.84	
Catawba,	988.08 Pasquotank,	924.16	
Chatham,	1,028.60 Perquimans,	723.80	
Cherokee,	804.26 Person,	1,059.00	
Chowan,	630.24 Pitt,	1,289.40	
Cleveland,	1,163.64 Polk,	1,821.12	
Columbus,	636.96 Randolph,	952.82	
Craven,	1,470.48 Richmond,	1,329.60	
Cumberland,	1,274.06 Robeson,	1,483.56	
Currituck,	750.84 Rockingham,	1,483.56	
Davison,	1,141.26 Rowan,	1,479.48	
Duplin,	768.72 York,	1,483.56	
Edgecombe,	1,333.82 Sampson,	1,477.82	
Forsyth,	1,302.12 Stanley,	701.76	
Franklin,	1,275.74 Stokes,	1,018.80	
Gaston,	1,141.26 Surry,	975.84	
Gates,	867.36 Tyrrell,	824.24	
Granville,	825.36 Union,	1,110.96	
Greene,	2,076.36 Wake,	2,584.76	
Guilford,	638.52 Warren,	1,243.92	
Halifax,	2,217.60 Washington,	1,573.60	
Hamilton,	1,020.84 Watauga,	401.76	
Harnett,	820.70 Wayne,	1,238.00	
Haywood,	828.84 Wilkes,	1,307.04	
Henderson,	825.36 Wilson,	710.48	
Hertford,	768.72 Yadkin,	1,141.26	
Hylle,	720.20 Yancey,	908.16	
Iredell,	1,567.44		
Jackson,			
Johnston,	1,387.92	Total,	\$90,425.04

The counties of Jackson, Madison and Polk will receive their portion out of the amount distributed, from the counties of which they were respectively formed, there having been no report from said counties under the law of the last General Assembly.

It will be seen that the Fall Distribution amounts to \$90,425.04. The same amount was distributed in the Spring, making for the year, the handsome sum of \$180,850.08.

There will be deducted the following amounts from the several counties named, to pay the expenses of their deaf and dumb, at the Asylum, viz:

Albemarle—Wm. Keck, Peter L. Ray, \$150.00.

Anson—Wm. Covington, \$75.00.

Cabarrus—Catherine L. Fisher, Leah L. Fisher, Moses Fisher, \$225.00.

Camden—Thomas Berry, \$75.00.

Carteret—Sarah Bassell, \$75.00.

Catawba—Caswell Cobb, \$75.00.

Cumberland—Laserus Crow, Jesse Holder, H. A. Strickland, John R. Strickland, \$300.00.

Duplin—Ellen Johnston, \$75.00.

Forsyth—Caroline Pratt, \$75.00.

Gaston—Robert W. Wiles, \$75.00.

Guilford—James Harrell, Wm. Berry, \$125.00.

E. Hiatt, \$225.00.

Hatteras—Mary Bart, \$75.00.

Johnston—Mary Flowers, \$75.00.

Lenoir—Ernie Garzannes, \$75.00.

Moore—Ann R. Shields, Chas. Shields, \$150.00.

New Hanover—Chas. B. Morris, Wm. Tilly, \$150.00.

Pasquotank—Penelope Pendleton, \$75.00.

Sampson—Patty Hall, Kitty Hall, \$150.00.

Surry—Larkin Snow, \$75.00.

Union—C. Saunders, N. Dupree, C. Witherspoon, J. Benton, \$300.00.

Warren—John Simpson, \$75.00.

Wilson—Margaret Perry, \$75.00.

THE ROLLING STOCK OF A RAILROAD NOT SUBJECT TO EXECUTION.—The Court of Appeals in Kentucky, in the case of Winslow vs. Woodward et al, and same vs. Phillips & Jordan et al, and same vs. Phillips & Jordan et al, have decided that the rolling stock, &c., of a railroad cannot be subjected to levy and sale under execution. The decision was given in suits begun by Winslow as mortgagee of the Covington and Lexington Railroad Company, of which he bought some of the stock at an execution sale, and enjoined him from removing the same. It was stated in the plaintiff's petition, that if the property in question was removed, the railroad would become useless, and he, the mortgagee, be irreparably injured, as not only were the cars, &c., of the railroad mortgaged to him, but the tools and income generally.

ANOTHER ATTEMPT AT TEA CULTURE. Mr. Fortune, who has been employed for a number of years in China, by the East India Company, has been requested by the Patent Office to make selections of the tea plant and other seeds for introduction into the United States. He will accompany his selections to this country, for the purpose of selecting the proper localities in which to commence these experiments.

## ENCOURAGING.

No one unacquainted, can form any correct idea of the immense labor and expense connected with the proper management of a good Literary Family paper. That we have succeeded in pleasing our readers during the present year is a source of much pride and gratification to us. We feel confident of one thing, we did our best; and our pledging to make the next volume superior to the one just closing, is not based upon the hope that we can personally give it to more labor, but that we endeavor to improve by experience, and improve to make our lot or m refection.

As an estimate of public sentiment, we take pleasure in presenting a few testimonials from the Press. We could make numerous extracts from private letters, were it not for arranging individual names.

SOUTHERN LITERATURE.—We particularly request our readers attention to the Prospectus of the "Greensboro Times" published in another column. In recommending the Times, we do not speak in favor of a new or untried undertaking influenced by a personal knowledge of its talented and honorable Editors. We speak not from our hopes of what it will do, but from our experience of what it has done, and can therefore honestly recommend it to the patronage of the Southern people, as a Home Literary Paper, worthy of an extended circulation. If editorial ability, high toned morality, and a perfect neutrality on all party topics, will command success, there is brilliant future before the Greensboro Times. The Editors are gentlemen of high character, and incapable of making delusive promises.—Semi-Weekly Warrenton News.

We insert the Prospectus of the Greensboro Times and the remarks of the Editors. The paper is certainly worthy of southern patronage, and we hope it will be bestow.

We were struck with the remarks of an intelligent Bookseller, the other day. We were inquiring about sundry southern periodicals, when he remarked "Nothing Southern sells." It seems so indeed. But remarks on this subject are useless; enough has been said, if saying would do any good.—Wilmington Commercial.

"THE TIMES." is the name of an excellent Literary weekly, published in Greensboro, N. C., by Ogburn, Cole and Albright, at two dollars a year. We insert the prospectus of these gentlemen for the new volume to commence the first week in January, 1888.

We are anxious to see southern literature built up; and the only way to do it is by bestowing southern patronage on southern enterprise. Northern men do not, and will not subscribe for southern papers, and we see nothing to justify southern men in building up and sustaining northern papers, and, to that extent, fostering northern talent except the inexorable law of custom. The Times is already a good paper, but can be vastly improved, if patronized, as it should be, by southern readers.—Tribune Goldboro N. C.

We cheerfully comply with the request of our friends of the Times, and give the Prospectus of that paper a place in our columns. We have heretofore given testimony to its excellence as a literary journal. The Editors, by their industry and enterprise, have already done much to elevate the standard of literature in our State, and they deserve the most liberal support at the hands of the whole Southern people.—Western Sentinel Winston N. C.

We with pleasure publish this week the Prospectus of "The Times," a Literary and Family Newspaper, published in the town of Greensboro, N. C. The Times is certainly an excellent family newspaper, and ought to be encouraged by the people of the South, as it is superior to any of the Northern papers with which the people of the South have been too often humbugged. Let the people of the South encourage their own papers. The Times is printed weekly at two dollars a year in advance. Carolina Statesman, Winston.

A choice Southern Literary and Family Journal, edited by Ogburn, Cole and Albright. In our humble judgment this is one of the soundest, purest and, therefore, for youth, safest Literary Journals in the United States, North or South.—Georgia Educational Journal.

NEWSPAPER CHANGE:—Friend Drake, of the Ashboro Bulletin, gives notice, that in a few weeks, he will move from Ashboro to Statesville, and continue quarry driving at the latter place. The title will be The Ironclad Express. Our brother deserves success and we hope an appreciating public will bestow it upon him.

THE SOUTH CAROLINA CONFERENCE meets in Charlotte next week. The North Carolina Conference meets in Goldsboro the week following.

MARRIED.

On the 11th inst., at the residence of N. Hunt, Jr., at Springfield by Rev. S. H. Holsa back, Dr. WILLIAM H. GORDON, of Marion S. C., to Miss MARY L. HEST, of Guilford County, N. C.

My happiness and prosperity even attend them through this world—says the printer in humble acknowledgment of his delicious feast. And by the by, why is the printer so often neglected on such occasions. Should not be to be so.

See "Washburne" on the 2nd ult., by the Rev. T. B. Walsh, the Rev. H. C. PARKER, of S. C. Conference, to Miss CAROLINA F. daughter of W. R. Leek, Esq., of Anson county.

DIED.

In this County on Saturday 17th November, Miss MARTHA PARKER, aged about 70 years.

Another Remarkable Cure of Dyspepsia. Boston, July 1, 1887. Gentlemen,—Agreeably to your suggestion, it gives me pleasure to state some five weeks ago, I purchased two bottles of your Oxygenated Bitters, and commenced using the same according to directions, and experienced the happiest effects. I had been troubled with dyspepsia about three years, during the warm season, and at times, was obliged to give up all attention to business; and although I had the advice of many good physicians, I was confined for six weeks to the house, and continued to grow worse, until I took your medicine; I am now almost cured of every disagreeable symptom, and able to do business as usual. The whole credit of my restoration to health is due to the Oxygenated Bitters.—Your obedient servant, ARNER SMITH, Central Square, East Boston.

Sati W. Fowle & Co., 138 Washington Street, Boston Proprietors. Sold by their agents everywhere.

## ENCOURAGE SOUTHERN ENTERPRISE AND SOUTHERN TALENT.

THE TIMES: A SOUTHERN LITERARY AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

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# THE TIMES.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

HOPE.

BY HONOR.

"The trampled earth returns a sound of fear—  
A hollow sound, as if I walked on tulle;  
And lights, that fell like cheerful flames, appear  
Far off, and the life hope and the dream,  
A mortal wind across the landscape flies,  
And the wide atmosphere is full of sighs."

The heart of man is filled with numerous anticipations of future prosperity and enjoyment. He looks before the present into that which is to be hereafter. If he happens to be placed in humble circumstances, he will, with untiring industry and persevering energy to accomplish some thing which may elevate him from his present condition to one of affluence and renown. Blazing early and working late he accumulates little by little a small fortune, which he carefully protects and gradually increases. If he is a mechanic he looks forward to the time when, instead of occupying the place of a common laborer he may become the proprietor of the establishment and the employer of others. If he is a clerk he looks forward with the hope of eventually becoming the merchant.

If he is a student climbing up the rugged hill of science, he is animated and encouraged by the hope of becoming a distinguished lawyer, physician or minister, or of filling a conspicuous place in some of the other professions. It is this that encourages him to burn the midnight lamp, and pore over the printed page or the difficult problem, hour after hour, till all his mental and physical powers are exhausted.

The young sailor leaves his home and friends and exposes himself to the hardships and dangers of a long voyage on the tempestuous ocean, in the hope of thereby gaining something for his widowed mother and her orphan children. And during the long months or years of his absence she hopes and prays for the safe return of her affectionate son. Hope stimulates the christian in his earthly pilgrimage. When weary and worn down by the perplexing cares and temptations that daily surround him, he can find comfort and consolation in looking forward to the time when he shall be received into that blessed home where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

The present financial panic, that has spread over our land, and carried consternation and sorrow to so many families, and prostrated some of the leading houses in the large cities and in many country towns,—has had a tendency to weaken the hopes of some, while it has at the same time strengthened the hopes of others. The man of the world, whose hopes of future fame and wealth were daily increasing, suddenly finds himself disappointed in all his anticipations, and it may be deprived of even the comforts of life. Consequently he loses confidence in his fellow-men, and too often murmurs at the dispensations of Providence.—But the christian man stands calm and undisturbed amid surrounding difficulties; and, when earthquakes in the physical and the moral world are convulsing the nations, he, trusting in Him who claims all things in infinite wisdom looks beyond the present gloomy state of affairs to a time of increased prosperity. He recognizes the present commercial crisis as an admonition from our Heavenly Father to the wayward children of earth, warning them not to set their affections too much on the riches which this world affords; for they may soon take to themselves wings and fly away.

True it is that the hopes of many are disappointed, and there is much of wretchedness in this world of ours, where thousands are exposed to the dreadful consequences of poverty, intemperance and crime; but there is enough even here to make us rejoice, and to fill us with gratitude; especially since the good are encouraged by all the many vicissitudes of this life to hope for better and more enduring enjoyments in the world which is to come.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

MOTHER.

What an enthusiastic glow arises in our bosoms when we think of that one, who protected us from the least harm or danger, and provided for all our wants when we were in helpless infancy; helpless, as the aerial songster before time has given to it its beautiful plumage of feathers by which it is enabled to migrate from bough to bough in the tall majestic oak, and warble forth its notes of praise, to Him who said: "Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without His notice."

What a charm encircles that name! What heavings the bosom has, to think of her whose gentle hand has often pressed us in our infantile days, and guided our wayward feet from the many evils that beset us on every side; and dangers that stood thick around of which we were entirely ignorant. And who with a mother's hand has bathed our fevered brow and smoothed back our ruffled locks as we lay upon the bed of sickness; and then imparted upon our burning cheek a mother's kiss, and then perhaps stealthily turned herself away and wipe from her watchful eyes, the dropping tear, and raise her heart to Heaven, and there pour forth a mother's prayer in all the earnestness and with all the fervency of a mother's love for her child. On how we should and do love that mother when we look back to by-gone days and see her with sleepless eyes, night after night, watching around our bed, made hard by scorching fever and aching brow; ready and willing to administer to our most childish wants and desires.

A young man, perhaps you are far, very far from that one who cherished and nourished you from your earliest infancy; and one too who perhaps was and is yet a very pious mother, who as she did when you were clamouring around her knees, is yet daily offering up her most ardent and notherly prayers for your welfare. And if you are far from her, oft does your bosom heave a sigh and your mind wander back to those childhood days and those beautiful play-grounds, where you have spent those happy and by-gone days of childish mirth; and perhaps there too with brother and sister, whose sunny curls floated loosely as the evening zephyr came wafting softly o'er you, as you were engaged in your innocent amusements.

Young friend, strive not to give that mother one just cause of complaint against you; cause not her anxious heart to have one sorrowful sigh for your welfare; but strive with all the vigor of your young and manly heart to strew the pathway of your Mother's declining life, with the flowers of quietness and peace, so far as can be done by a conscientious performance of your whole duty.

F.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

To a Friend.

BY MRS. C. HUTCHINS.

Yes, dearest I'm and I'm lonely;  
My pulses are oft filled with throe;  
But I mean to look up and be cheerful,  
That my foes may not think me forlorn.  
No mortal shall know my repining,  
My heart shall be hid from all view;  
And none shall know that I'm sighing,  
For no one shall know it—but you.

I show when I fain would be weeping;  
I jest in the midst of my pain;  
I laugh when my heart strings are breaking,  
For pity is naught but a name.  
I shrink from the passing pretender,  
That would for my confidant sue;  
No mortal receives such a tender,  
No mortal—I mean none but you.

My grief like the wave is ungovern'd,  
And sometimes throws off its disguise,  
But I manage to get under cover,  
Before my tormentors surprise.  
I have considered their motives at leisure,  
(Tho' hidden or guiled 'tis true);  
And few very few hold out measure,  
And none are true hearted as you.

I dress in the height of the fashion,  
Tho' sack cloth my feelings may claim,  
For I would not write the compassion,  
Of those I am proud to disdain.  
I can for a while yet without begging,  
Altho' I am poor—'tis true,  
But I'll not be actually starving,  
No mortal should know it—but you.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

THE TESTIMONY OF THE ROCKS.

The progress of the physical sciences has, in all ages, been steadfastly resisted by the combined forces of bigotry and ignorance. In the year 1486, but six years before the discovery of America, a council of learned doctors met in Salamanca to discuss the views of Columbus, who was, at that time, endeavoring to obtain from Ferdinand and Isabella, the means of prosecuting his immortal voyage. A considerable number of that learned body entertained the belief that the opinions of the great navigator were perversely heterodox, and that they ought to be expiated at the stake. To hold that a ship, by sailing due west, could reach the eastern portion of the globe, and by holding on the same course could finally come back to the port whence she started, was to maintain that the earth was round, and that there were regions living on the opposite side of it, directly under our feet. This was not only contrary to the teachings of the holy fathers, but was in opposition, as they supposed, to the very letter of scripture. Had not David said that the Heavens were extended like a hide, and did not the Apostle Paul compare them to a tabernacle spread over the earth, which must of course be flat? A little more than one hundred years after this memorable decision, Galileo ventured to teach that the sun was the centre of the system, and that the earth and all the planets revolved around it; a doctrine which, we believe, is at this day denied by no civilized man, except one father Cullen, an Irish priest of the Romish Church, who maintains that the sun is only six feet in diameter, and that it travels once in twenty-four hours around the earth, which lies flat and immovable beneath it. For teaching a truth, now thought to be so undeniable, Galileo was imprisoned by the Inquisition, and only escaped torture by abjuring it, and declaring that he believed it to be untrue, because contrary to scripture. It must be allowed that there are scriptural texts, in abundance, which support the doctrine of Galileo. The sun stood still at the command of Joshua, the sun went back as a sign to Hezekiah, "the sun," it is said, "is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoicing as a strong man to run a race," "the sun knoweth his going down," "the sun also riseth and the sun goeth down." Not only is the sun spoken of as a body that is constantly in motion, but the earth is always spoken of as stationary. "The earth is also established that it cannot be moved." "Thou hast established the earth, and it abideth," &c. At the same time, the sun is spoken of as the greater light, and the moon as the lesser light; how, then, could the sun be anything more than a body of fire, and how could the moon be a world like this we inhabit?

The great mistake of all the doctors alluded to—both those who examined Columbus, and those who persecuted Galileo—seems to have consisted in forcing the Holy Scriptures into a service they were not intended for. Their whole end and scope is to teach man how to save his own soul. Everything necessary to that consummation, they show forth most abundantly; but farther than this they do not go, and were not designed to do. So far as the material world is concerned, it may as truly be a fiction, that they teach nothing by revelation which man is able to discover by his own unassisted faculties, the exercise of which is his chief employment

in this world of probation. It is vain to look for systems of astronomy, or of any other science in the pages of Holy Writ, and those who seek them there, only succeed in bringing ridicule upon themselves, and discredit upon the sacred volume. At the same time, we think it may be safely asserted, that every discovery of science, if properly considered, tends to strengthen the evidence of scriptural truth.

When geology first began to take its rank among the established sciences, there was a general outcry against it, from all the pulpits in the civilized world. The Book of Genesis, it was perversely maintained, places the creation of the world in an age not quite six thousand years removed from the present, and it expressly declares that the whole work was finished in six days of our time. It never seems to have occurred to them, that a thousand years is as one day to Omnipotence, and one day as a thousand years. There were instances innumerable in prophetic language of the use of days and weeks to denote periods of much greater duration than the days and weeks in common acceptance, and the description of the earth's creation was certainly prophetic, if any part of scripture is; for eternity has no beginning, no middle, and no end, and what we understand by prophecy—that is, revelation—may operate in any direction. But the oracles of the day would not allow that view of the subject to be taken. According to them the earth was made in six bona fide days—that is to say 144 hours, neither more nor less. All the evidences afforded by geology of a far higher antiquity were scouted at, and the science, with its thousands of facts, was denounced as a damnable science, and its professors, without distinction, classed with Voltaire, Volney, Bolingbroke, Tom Paine, and the other scoffers of the last century. Such a proceeding was to the last degree impolitic and absurd; for there were persons innumerable who were determined to examine for themselves, and as examination was equivalent to conviction, to assert that there was antagonism between the revelations of Scripture and the revelations of geology, was to throw the door wide open to infidelity. The science, in the meantime, steadily advanced, and a new race of clerical men sprung up—men thoroughly educated—who had studied the sciences profoundly, and this among the rest.

These men could not resist the evidence afforded by geology with regard to the antiquity of the earth, and its gradual approach to its present condition by successive periods. At the same time, they found it impossible to resist the evidences of the Scriptures, established as they are, upon the unshaken and immutable foundation of prophecy fulfilled with the most minute accuracy. They sought to reconcile the two, by placing upon the words of Moses, used in the first chapter of Genesis, an interpretation to which seems certain that they are fairly liable, and expanding the six days of creation into six periods of vast duration.

The work whose title we have placed at the head of this article is the most successful, as it is by far the most eloquent, of all the attempts yet made to effect the indicated reconciliation. It is written in beautiful English, and imparts to a subject which seems dry and uninteresting in other hands, all the interest of a romance by Scott or Irving. It often rises into the highest regions of poetry, and proves that the author possessed an imagination which would have left him without a living rival, had he become a professed poet. It is redolent, throughout, of the most fervent and unaffected piety, and "justifies the ways of God to man," in a style never equaled by his contemporaries.—*Richmond Whig.*

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

THE NEGATIVE.

BY H. A. DWIGHT.

O! think not to win me,  
With thy glittering gold;  
Not the least within me,  
Can be bought or sold.

Money might invite me,  
If the heart were there;  
But will not be lured by me,  
If my only share.

For should ill befall me,  
And like arrows come;  
Poverty assail me,  
And a piteous home;

Then no voice might cheer me,  
Then no smile relieve;  
And, were any near me,  
Who of these would grieve?

Love alone could stay me,  
Sealed with a dear hand;  
Love will not be lured by me,  
In the storm or calm.

GOOD PRACTICAL ADVICE.—Be content as long as your mouth is full and body covered; remember the poor; kiss the pretty girls; don't rob your neighbor's hen-roost; never pick an editor's pocket, nor entertain an idea that he is going to treat; kick dull oars to the deuce; black your own boots; sow your own pantaloons; and be sure to take a paper and pay for it.

OUT OF.—The words, out of are the worst in the language; when one is out of patience and out of money; when his wife says she is out of sugar one day; out of coffee the next; out of flour the next; and finally out of spirits. The words are very good when one is out of debt of trouble, and out of all. If a man has a smoky house and scolding wife, out of doors is no bad place.

To excuse one's self before he is accused, is to find a foul crack in a false conscience.

A friend without fault will never be found.

## Farm, House and Inn.

It is but a point of goodly wisdom to be at peace with men and at war with vice.

TRUE, VERY TRUE.—What more precious offering can be laid upon the altar of a man's heart than the first love of a pure earnest and affectionate girl, with an undivided interest in eight corner lots and 14 three-story houses?

To expose one's self to great danger for trivial advantages, is to fish with a golden hook, when more may be lost than gained.

USES OF THE POTATO.—In France farina is largely used for culinary purposes. The farmed gravies, sauces and Soaps of France are largely indebted for their excellence to that source, and its bread and pastry equally so; while a great deal of the so-called Cognac imported into England from France is the produce of the potato. Throughout Germany the same uses are common; and in Poland the manufacture of the spirit from the potato is an extensive trade. "Stettin brandy," well known in commerce, is largely imported into England, and is sent from thence to many of our foreign possessions as produce of the grape; it is the potato brandy of England as the same; while the fair ladies of our country perfume themselves with the spirit of potato when distilled over flowers under the designation of Frangipani, Hungary Water, &c. But there are other uses to which this excellent is turned abroad. After extracting the farina the pulp is manufactured into ornamental articles, such as picture frames, snuff boxes, and several descriptions of toys; and the Water that runs from it in the process of manufacture is a valuable scourer. For perfectly cleansing wallens, and such like articles, if the housewife's panacea; and if the washerwoman happens to have children, she becomes cured by the operation.—*Paper read before the British Association.*

A young miss having accepted the offer of a youth to gallant her home, afterwards fearing that jokes might be cracked at her expense if the fact should become public, dismissed him to secrecy. "Don't be afraid," said he, "of my saying anything about it, for I feel as much ashamed of it as you do."

WOULD TAKE A WARMER NIGHT.—Stephen Hall, a queer but weak genius, had made frequent gracious promises to his troubled friends that he would put himself out of their way. One stinging cold night he vowed he would go out and freeze himself to death.—About eleven o'clock he returned shivering and shivering his fingers. "Why don't you freeze?" asked a loving relative. "Golly!" said the pseudo-sage, "when I freeze I mean to take a warmer night than this for it!"

A GOOD RETORT.—A numerous young man was driving a horse which was in the habit of stopping at every house on the roadside.

Passing a country tavern where were collected together some dozen countrymen the beast, as usual, ran opposite the door in spite of the young man, who applied the whip with all his might to drive the horse on.

The men at the porch commenced a hearty laugh, and some inquired if he would sell the horse.

"Yes," replied the young man, "but I cannot recommend him, as he once belonged to a butcher, and stops whenever he hears calves bleat."

FLOWERS.—All those elegant and delicate textured beings possess a mysterious life of their own, with feeling akin to ours. How the leaves fade away beneath the burning influence of the sun! How languishes to flower-bell after the refreshing dews of night! How proudly it shows itself to the rising day, adorned with pearls clearer than purest crystals; how elated it is when the wanton bee dares to suck its treasured sweets; how quickly it dies when torn from its native soil! Is there not here a human type?—*Wilson.*

RELIEVING CHOKED CATTLE.—I will give you a very simple, yet very certain mode of getting a potato or apple out of a creature's throat. People frequently resort to harsh remedies, and sometimes lose a valuable cow or ewe thereby. My plan is to fire a gun under the animal, when the animal makes such a desperate spring that the wind from the stomach throws out the obstruction in the throat at once.—*North-western Farmer.*

Never carry a sword in your tongue to wound the reputation of any man.

Time keeps his constant pace, and flies as fast in idleness as in employ.

Rest satisfied with doing well, and leave others to talk of you as they please.

On the heels of folly treadeth shame; at the back of anger standeth remorse.

Two opinions should not lie on the same bolster.

Misfortune was his crime—success would have silenced censure.

FARMERS, BE CAREFUL.—The Mobile "Mercury" cautions the public in regard to feeding stock with the Chinese sugar cane—says the blades and stalks are first-rate forage, but that the seed is poisonous. A fine horse died near that city a few days ago from eating them.

Pulmonary Consumption.—The great scourge of our northern climate is disordered half its terrors since we have a remedy so singularly efficacious as Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. It is performing many wonderful cures.

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**NEW BOOKS JUST RECEIVED AT THE BOOK STORE.**  
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In addition to copious intelligence of affairs in the literary world, and gossip concerning b's and authors, the devotee of the Arts, and progress in Science, will receive due attention. In a word, no labor will be spared to make "The Leisure Hour" equal to any paper in the South, both in the character of its reading matter, and in its typographical appearance. An earnest appeal is made to the people of North Carolina, and to the citizens of Granville especially, to lend their hearty assistance in the support of this praiseworthy enterprise. The Editorial Department will be under the exclusive control of T. B. Kingsbury. "The Leisure Hour" will be printed on medium size paper, with new type, at Two Dollars a year payable on the receipt of the first number, or Three Dollars if payment be delayed until the end of the year. JAMES COLLINS, Oxford, N. C., Oct. 10, 1857.

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